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THE CENTENNIAL:

AN

OLIVE BRANCH.

A WORK OF CONCILIATION.

BY J. A. STEWART.

The Blue and the Gray now sleep under the mold;
Each fought for a cause he believed to be just;
Each fell as a soldier, courageous and bold;
Awake not their slumber! Disturb not their dust!

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PREFACE.

The Centennial of 1876 is the grand occasion for turning a new leaf and to begin afresh, with the light of experience to guide us, the experiment of a republican form of government. We wish to write on an unsullied page a second Declaration of Independence, with high and noble resolves to free ourselves from the passions and prejudices of the past, the turbulence of faction, and sectional hate—the three great enemies to peace and good government, and the prolific source of all our woes.

In plain words (as ministers in the pulpit warn the people of their sins, and plead for reconciliation,) will I endeavor to point out the evils which have environed us; and to plead for the subsidence of passion, that we may see clearly the way, and become reconciled to the Union under the Constitution. I shall look to 1876, at Philadelphia, as the opportunity, *not* to forget the lessons of the past, but to renew friendships, and forgive and forget alienations.

This work has been prompted by a long and earnest desire to bring about reconciliation and reunion, under a proper understanding of the Constitution, and of our obligations to obey it.

It is designed to warn against all attempts to control the centennial of '76 for mere party purposes; as such a course would only be sounding a call for the renewal of strife—the death knell of our liberties.

It is to encourage a reunion of hearts and hands, of those once engaged in deadly conflict; and it has the support of a lively hope, that OLD LIBERTY HALL, on the 4th of July 1876, will resound with the shouts of joy, as the Blue and the Gray clasp hands across the bloody chasm, and shed tear for tear, as the alienations of the past are crossing over the Lethean stream.

J. A. S.

THE CENTENNIAL.

WORDS OF SADNESS FOR THE PAST, BUT NOT
WITHOUT HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

THE words of cheer and encouragement which should be dearest to our hearts, and which touch the chords that vibrate in unison with the patriot's hope, are those which promise a restoration of friendly relations between the North and the South, and between the people themselves in each and every State.

I long to hear the cheering exclamation coming up from hearts once estranged: No more discord, no more hatred, no more war; but peace in the Union under the Constitution; that we may be again a united people—have but one country, and one union of States; that we may have home governments by the States for local affairs, a union of States for national purposes, and a national name abroad—the proud name of American citizens.

These are the words which should fill our hearts to overflowing. They carry with them the promise of the nation's new birth; they point to the centennial of 1876 as the grand opportunity for brave men and true to forgive and forget; a grand opportunity to rally around the stars and stripes, whilst the Johnsons and the Lamars, of the South, meet the veterans of the union army, North, with mutual pledges for the future, giving us once more the bright hope of prosperity and peace *in* the union *under* the Constitution.

Take these words—take this bright prospect from us, and leave instead the dark probable future, which

the experience of past ages seems to foretell—the birth, the growth, the decay of all human institutions—and with echoes sounding in my ear: Decaying! dying! then, as one without hope in this world, I would prefer that my eyes should close ere the coming on of the long and dreary night.

When Cadmus heard the mystic voice
To sow the Dragon's teeth,
He made a furrow in the earth,
And placed them underneath;
When lo! a mighty crop came forth
Of fierce and armed men,
Who soon in civil war engaged,
And fought till all were slain
But five. They strove and pierced and slew,
Till only five remained;
Who then threw 'way their bloody spears,
Exclaiming: Why should we
Persist in shedding brothers' blood?
Then tears coursed down their cheeks,
And clasping hands, long peace prevailed.

We, too, have reaped a crop of discord, bloodshed, blight. We, too, have sown the Dragon's teeth—pride, ambition, hatred, fanaticism—which, taking root, myriads of armed men came forth, destroying and devising means to destroy, till ruined homes and slaughtered ranks and ghastly wounds made sad the war-worn hearts.

Then bending low upon the earth, arms were grounded, and peace, dear bought, prevailed—a conquered peace—not peace of love.

Yet, time has wrought a change for good. Hatred is losing power to fire the blood; and peace is sought—enduring peace—on wisdom founded, when the erring past, if not forgotten, will be forgiven.

Many are now anxious for the centennial day to come, that we may rally around the flag of our common country, proclaiming to the nations of the earth

that liberty, born and nurtured as it has been here, can never die.

A free people, as we have been, may differ among themselves—may divide into hostile armies, may shed blood and lay waste; and yet, when exhaustion takes place, and passion subsides, the remembrance of the blessings of liberty and peace, and the practical workings of constitutional government, will ever, I hope, enable them to return to its support, with resolves made strong by dear experience, and with hopes that their posterity may maintain it, and hand it down evermore.

A CONCISE HISTORY OF THE FOURTH OF JULY, IN
ATLANTA, 1865, 1873, '74, AND '75.

[Atlanta New Era, Thursday, July 6, 1865.]

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

By the military stationed in this city and its vicinity, the day that gave birth to what is now one of the mightiest nations of the world, was appropriately celebrated. The troops, composed of the Third and Fourth regiments Iowa Cavalry, and company I of the Twelfth Regulars, United States Artillery, appeared to be in fine condition, as they marched through the streets of our city, and were being reviewed by their commander, GENERAL WINSLOW. Too much credit cannot be bestowed upon the Commandant of the Post, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PETERS, and upon CAPTAIN SAINT, Post Provost Marshal, for the excellent order preserved throughout our city during the parade and formal celebration of and during the entire day.

At the Court House the day was also commemorated, Mr. J. A. Stewart reading the Declaration of Independence, portions of Washington's Farewell Address, preceding and following them with remarks

illustrative of the past, and giving some most excellent advice as to the future—counseling forbearance among those whom past differences and past trials had estranged. Other gentlemen, we learn, addressed the meeting ; but as we had engagements which called us away, we can, in reference to their remarks, only speak from report, and will, therefore, say but little.

Suffice it then to say that the day passed away agreeably with us, as we trust it did with our citizens generally ; and if anything did transpire to mar the efforts of the HEAD of our government, and of all wise and patriotic men who are now engaged in the work of reconstruction and peace, as has been reported to us, we can attribute it only to a want of sense on the part of him who occasioned it, and a want of what is now required of every good and patriotic man.

IN 1873.

Col. H. D. Capers, introduced by Col. R. A. Alston, of the *Herald*, delivered an appropriate address in the Representative hall, to an attentive audience.

IN 1874.

[The Daily Herald, Sunday, July 5th, 1874.]

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH, ITS CELEBRATION IN ATLANTA
AND ELSEWHERE—EXCURSIONS, MUSIC, PICNICS,
ORATIONS, AND A GENERAL CLASHING OF THE
TOM TOMS—FUN, FUSS, AND ACCIDENT.

SCENES IN THE CITY.

The “Fourth” broke bright and splendid!

Beyond the fact that the sullen cannon at the Barracks boomed twice upon the morning stillness, and with its noisy roar stirred apathetic sleepers from their sunrise naps, there was evidence that a day of unusual moment had come upon us.

Upon the streets very early there was a bustle of music and processions, a waving of banners, and flashing of bouquets, as the various picnic excursions prepared for their exodus. They melted from the city by 8 o'clock, and all was quiet again. A Sunday stillness rested on everything. The merchants, as a general rule, remained stiffly at their posts, hoping to catch the floating penny.

About ten o'clock, the bustle on the streets was renewed, and redoubled. Gangs of twenties and hundreds sprang into existence, and, gaping-mouthed, gazed at the sights as they wandered up and down the streets, bespeaking themselves ever so plainly, "rural excursionists." They gave animation to the day, and afforded the curbstone patriot a passing panorama rich with incident and suggestion. At ten o'clock this reporter wended his way to DeGive's Opera House, where the event of the day,

COL. JAS. A. STEWART'S ORATION,

was to take place.

He found DeGive's pretty well filled, the audience being especially intelligent and composed notably of old men—old veterans in whose hearts the love of the old Republic was still dominant, whose memories still hold the glories of that golden age stretching from '40 to '60. On the stage we found the orator himself, a splendid type of the old school of American gentlemen, with face as kindly and as noble as ever looked forgivingly upon sin; massive head; rolling forehead; eye open, frank, and utterly without guile; portly in form, calm, honest and happy. On the stage with him were a half dozen of his compeers: Mr. Jonathan Norcross, Mr. L. Dean, or Squire Dean, as he is known, Col. James Calhoun, Mr. Jack Neal ("Uncle Jack")—Mr. T. Burke, Col. A. W. Mitchell, and one or two others.

A PURE AND BEAUTIFUL SPEECH.

The orator was introduced by Col. James Calhoun (who alluded to him as an old friend) in a neat and elegant little talk.

Col. Stewart then arose, and delivered one of the happiest speeches ever sent to an audience from that stage: while he has none of the loud-mouthed ranting, so popular in this day, there was an earnest and tremulous eloquence in his voice—an earnest and heartfelt dash of sincerity that went to every soul in the house.

We can only briefly synopsise the speech.

He reviewed the history of this Government, as compared with other Governments, and drew from this parallel sound and forcible lessons, concluding with a sweet and soulful original poem, indicating the drift of this Government towards Imperialism, and suggesting some of the evils of the natural results of that drift. He was applauded frequently, and held his audience completely. He has established his reputation in Atlanta as a pleasing and enjoyable speaker. As Col. Tom Howard said, his speech was “as solid as a wedge of pure gold.”

[Daily Constitution, Sunday, July 5th, 1874.]

THE FOURTH—HOW IT WAS OBSERVED—SCENES AND INCIDENTS—EXCURSIONS FROM ALABAMA—FORTY THOUSAND PEOPLE IN THE CITY—TARGET PRACTICE OF THE CADETS—ORATION OF MR J. A. STEWART.

Mr. J. A. Stewart delivered the oration at DeGive's at half past ten o'clock. On the stage we noted Col. J. M. Calhoun, J. Norcross, J. Neal, A. W. Mitchell, L. Dean, and T. Burke.

The address of Mr. Stewart was sensible, well de-

livered, and repeatedly applauded. He said that however ignorant the people might be, there was no danger so long as those at the helm were pure and honest. The old can point to a time when the government was entitled to respect. But they have nothing in unison with the young who were educated in the midst of turmoil. They have been taught to hate the Government by the Government itself. There is nothing inviting in monarchy, that we should wish to turn away from liberty. Under the Constitution as it was, slaves were better protected. A living was guaranteed them. Such a thing never existed before. There were then no poor slaves. But what of them now?

He then graphically reviewed the history of the Constitution and the undying principles of government, and the history of party struggles. The inordinate thirst for office was the malady, notwithstanding the factious opposition of the "outs" to the "ins." No President, from Washington down to 1860, ever attempted to violate the Constitution. Lincoln resorted to it under stress of war, but doubted its constitutionality. Political malcontents at the North raised the cry of "Higher Law," which culminated in war. This is still our country—the last hope of the world for the preservation of civil liberty.

The speaker concluded with his Dream of Imperialism—a very fine production.

He was loudly applauded at its close.

IN 1875.

This 4th of July (1875,) would probably have had no celebration but for a circumstance I will here relate: In March last, I commenced composing a centennial poem, and as I progressed with it, I sought

opportunities to read it to my literary acquaintances and friends. As it grew in volume, I felt that it possessed sufficient merit to justify an arrangement to have it read on the 4th. This I mentioned to my friend, Col. J. N. Dunn. He was favorably impressed with the poem, and thought it might have a good effect in allaying sectional animosities; and he consented to aid me in getting an audience on the 4th.

A formal letter of invitation was written by Mr. Dunn; and a formal reply by myself, with instructions to not proceed in the matter unless a willingness was manifested by the citizens to give me support and encouragement. He found nothing in the way, and the invitation, with the names of several good citizens appended, received from me, in response, a formal acceptance, which was published in the *Herald* early in June.

After the matter had proceeded thus far, I felt that the occasion required something more than the mere reading of a thirty minute's poem; and I commenced an outlook for some one to deliver an address. I met with the Hon. Geo. Hillyer, in the office of Drs. Johnson & Miller, and asked him if he would consent to be with me on the 4th, and deliver an address. He declined, remarking that he was not qualified for the delivery of a Fourth of July address. Dr. Miller then suggested that Hon. A. H. Stephens would be the right man. Thereupon, without further search, I wrote a letter of invitation, and secured to it eighty or ninety names. I then proceeded without delay, to Crawfordville, and after remaining with Mr. Stephens two days, he furnished me with his letter of acceptance, which was published in the city papers.

Immediately on my return I had said letters—the invitation to Mr. Stephens, and his acceptance—published in the *Constitution* and *Herald*; also a call,

signed by myself, for a meeting at the Chamber of Commerce, to arrange the programme. A few of the signers of the invitation attended. I furnished them with a list of names—thirteen in all—with Sidney Dell, Esq., as chairman, to constitute a committee of arrangements.

This was accepted, and Dr. Miller being present, we obtained his consent to serve as chairman of committee on invitation. We put on that committee with him Hon. George Hillyer and Marcus A. Bell, Esq.

Thus organized and ready for business, there was no lack of energy on the part of the committees to make the occasion one to be proud of. Mr. Dell and his committee worked with an energy that nothing but a good cause could inspire. He performed his part nobly and well.

The committee on invitation—Dr. Miller, Mr. Hillyer, and M. A. Bell—deserve great credit for their promptness and efficiency in extending the invitations which brought in response the numerous and patriotic letters which have appeared. Capt. Oliver Jones, as marshal of the day, will be remembered for his courtesies and efficient services, whilst our leading men and prominent citizens who fell into line with this great spontaneous movement of the people, have done themselves great credit in thus co-operating with the masses in the work of looking to the centennial as the occasion for a better feeling between the North and the South, and of a return in good faith to the Union under the Constitution.

The *Herald*, the *Constitution*, and the *Commonwealth* devoted their columns with commendable zeal and ability to the occasion.

The interest manifested by the people in the ceremonies, the dense living masses of citizens—white and colored—on the side-walks and in the streets, mingling

with and following the procession of the Blue and the Gray to the speaker's stand, was a spectacle which drew forth tears that trickled down and moistened many a withered and time-worn cheek, as hopes were renewed for the return of the brighter and purer days of our republic.

A philosophic view of the scenes and incidents presented can readily discover that good impulses, as well as evil, are contagious; and that a move for good, when circumstances are favorable, is communicated to, and felt by others, until it permeates the masses and sheds its bright and happy influences abroad in the land.

Mr. Stephens, inspired by the occasion, as the vast concourse of people assembled to manifest their respect and love for the day, made us a great and good speech, which is now history, and from which we can draw lessons of wisdom to shield us from the renewal of strifes, and to point the way to conciliation and peace.

The speech in full of Mr. Stephens, together with the fine, patriotic letters from distinguished Georgians, in response to invitations, will be found in pamphlet form at the *Atlanta Herald* office. Price, 25 cents.

JUDGE JAMES JACKSON'S LETTER.

[From the *Herald's* 4th of July Pamphlet.]

“WHERE MY HEART BEATS, PRECISELY THERE DOES
MY JUDGMENT POINT AND MY COMMON
SENSE LEAD ME.”

MACON, GA., June 28, 1875.

*To Hons. H. V. M. Miller, George Hillyer, and
Marcus A. Bell.*

GENTLEMEN:—I have received your invitation to participate in person, or by letter, in the celebration of the approaching Fourth of July, at Atlanta, for

which I thank you. I cannot attend in person, and therefore I ask that this letter shall represent me.

I am at a loss to find any sensible reason for Southern men to decline to participate in the celebration of the day. The pen of a Southern man wrote the Declaration of Independence. I see from the papers that the lineal descendant of a Georgian, who bore a distinguished part in the struggle of our ancestors to establish this independence, has been selected to read that declaration on the occasion of your celebration. Why should he not do so? Shall we not love the virtues and commemorate the deeds of our own ancestors, or shall we leave it to the North alone to canonize deeds whose glory appertains as much to us as to them—aye, more to us than to them? Not only did our Jefferson write the declaration, but our Washington led the armies which vindicated and established it on seven years of battle fields; and whatever Northern men may have done since to overthrow principles which their fathers followed Jefferson and Washington to proclaim and establish, we certainly have done nothing to overthrow those privileges. On the contrary, we again proclaimed them in 1861, and fought for their maintenance for four bloody years. If in so doing we were rebels, we came honestly by the name; we were legitimate rebels, begotten and born in lawful wedlock, and we are entitled to inherit the glory as well as the name of our fathers, and to keep it alive in toast, song, oratory, festivities. Our fathers succeeded; we failed; in every other particular, the child is the image of his father. Because of chagrin at our failure, shall we refuse to laud their powers and glory in their success? I trust not, gentlemen. I cannot find it in my heart to tear revolutionary heart-strings out, and empty it of the blood of my fathers.

And where my heart beats, precisely there does my judgment point and my common sense lead me. It is not wise in the South to keep open the chasm the late war has riven. Recent events show a disposition on the part of the North to close it up. We cannot afford ruthlessly to throw down the abutment of the bridge which rests on our side of the chasm, nor should we undermine it, nor weaken those on the other side who are at work in strengthening the abutment there.

Our only hope for a return of those in authority to conservative principle and practice is in "the second sober thought" of all the people, exercised through the ballot box. Every word spoken, or letter written, rejecting or insulting the proffered hand of Northern conciliation, is not "a word spoken in season," and it can not be said of it, "how good it is." It evinces a sour, unforgiving, revengeful spirit; and every such word or letter will be scattered broadcast over the North, and will have there the effect of crippling all the friends of conservative principles, and of conciliatory and friendly conduct to us.

For myself, gentlemen, I hail with sincere pleasure every promise of conciliation. The storm was wild and furious—a very cyclone in its sweep over Southern hearthstones and happiness; the clouds, though broken and scattered, are still black, and may gather again; however indistinct the hues of the rainbow are promising sunshine to our once sunny South, it is a bow of promise sweet to my heart and hope, and I pray that it may span the whole American heavens, and never be obscured by a cloud or speck of war.

I trust that the Mecklenburg and Bunker Hill reunions, and your own celebration of the 4th of July, gentlemen, may tend to reunite all sections of our country upon the old principles founded on the Declaration of '76, and the constitution of the fathers; and

if toasts shall be the order of the day, I send you this :
The Reader of the Declaration of Independence—It is
fit that the son should unite in celebrating the deeds of
his ancestor ; may the Milledge blood never become
extinct in Georgia. I am,

Respectfully, your obed'nt serv't,

JAMES JACKSON.

AN APPEAL FOR THE RELEASE OF MR. STEPHENS FROM FORT WARREN.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT.

ROME, GA., Aug. 12, 1865.

His Excellency, Andrew Johnson :

But it was my purpose in this communication to again address you in reference to Hon. A. H. Stephens. Having, I think, a thorough knowledge of Mr. Stephens' position prior to, and during the whole progress of the war, I can say, confidently, that secession never met his sanction, except through force of circumstances as a horrible and painful necessity ; and that his imprisonment, under the circumstances, in the view of every reasonable man South, is without sufficient cause, and not justifiable.

Mr. Stephens, as you will perceive from the enclosed copy of a recent letter from him, is rejoiced at the prospect of returning peace ; and would not hesitate to encourage a speedy and full acquiescence in the terms proposed.

Release him, if in your power to do so. Release him without delay. Let me urge you, as your friend, and a friend to the best interests of our country, to release him on parole, and let him return to the bosom of his friends and the comforts of home, where his delicate health and frail body may gather new strength, and where his voice of counsel may again be heard.

I have no prominent position to back up my solicitations in Mr. Stephens' behalf; nor can I calculate much on your very limited personal acquaintance with me. But I am an honest man and a true lover of my country, and am actuated in this appeal by no selfish or mercenary motives; and I feel assured that I am addressing one equally honest and patriotic—one who will not turn a deaf ear to the pleadings of an honest and reasonable appeal, in behalf of a good man, who has committed no willful sin.

Yours most respectfully,

J. A. STEWART.

FORT WARREN, BOSTON HARBOR, MASS.

21st July, 1865.

MR. J. A. STEWART, *Louisville, Ky.*

MY DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 10th inst. was received to-day. Language would fail to express to you the thanks I feel for it. I cannot write to you as fully as I wish. I am suffering from rheumatism in the hand, and cannot use the pen without pain. You will please take the will for the deed.

You understand me thoroughly, I think. I went with the State on secession from a sense of duty only.

* * * * *

But I can say no more, except again to thank you for your letters—the one to me just received, and the

one you wrote to the President. I should be glad to hear from you often.

This I shall send to Louisville, with directions to be forwarded to Rome, Ga., in case you shall have left the former place before it reaches there.

Yours truly,

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

LETTER TO MR. STEPHENS.

ATLANTA, GA., March 16th, 1861.

* * * * *

It is human to err. Mr. Stephens, I think, has erred; he has lost his ballast amidst the tumult of conflicting passions and discordant elements.

But he is an honest man, and will yet return. The high standard of his moral integrity will follow in the lead of his honest convictions. If in the wrong now, he will, when convinced, nobly retrace his steps and enter again into the old Confederacy, purified by the ordeal through which he has passed, bringing with him his people, and, with friendship renewed upon the altar of patriotism, enter again under the protecting shield of a *common country*. In this, the trying hour of adversity and increasing perils, I would exhort conservative union men of the seceded States to be calm and prudent, avoiding the use of language, even though prudent and just, if calculated to irritate rather than convince.

Yours very truly,

J. A. STEWART.

RETURN TO THE UNION.

MR. STEPHENS HAS RETURNED—HEAR HIM.

WHAT THE PEOPLE OF GEORGIA WANT.

“My opinion, and decided opinion, is that an overwhelming majority of the people of Georgia are exceedingly anxious for the restoration of the Government, and for the States to take their former position in the Union ; to have her Senators and Representatives admitted into Congress, and to enjoy all her rights, and to discharge all her obligations as a State under the Constitution of the United States as it stands amended.”—*Testimony of A. H. Stephens before the Reconstruction Committee.*

RIGHT OF SECESSION.

“I think there has been a very decided change of opinion, as to the policy, by those who favored it. I think the people generally are satisfied sufficiently with the experiment never to resort to that measure of redress again by force, whatever may be their own abstract ideas upon the subject.”—*A. H. Stephens.*

RESTORATION.

“I have little hope for liberty—little hope for the success of the great American experiment of self-government—but in the success of the present efforts for the restoration of the States to their former practical relations in a common government, under the Constitution of the United States.”—*A. H. Stephens, Feb. 22, 1866.*

ISSUES OF THE WAR.

“We should accept the issues of the war, and abide by them in good faith.”—*Stephens*.

OUR COUNTRY.

“Whether Georgia, by the action of her Convention of 1861, was ever rightfully out of the Union or not, there can be no question that she is now in, so far as depends on her will and deed. The whole United States, therefore, is now, without question, our country, to be cherished and defended as such, by all our hearts and all our arms.”—*Stephens, Feb. 22, 1866.*

THE PARAMOUNT LAW.

“The Constitution of the United States, and the treaties and laws in pursuance thereof, are now acknowledged to be the paramount law in this whole country.”—*Stephens, Feb. 22, 1866.*

IT IS HUMAN TO ERR.

Mr. Stephens has returned, and is trying to bring his people with him, to re-unite under the protecting shield of a COMMON COUNTRY.

Mr. Stephens' address before the General Assembly of the State of Georgia, February 22d, 1866, to be found in Cleveland's “Life and Speeches of Alexander H. Stephens,” should be read by the people everywhere. It is one of the best and noblest documents of the age.

A CHAPTER OF BREVITIES.

WAR, OR THE FATE OF SOLDIERS.

“Dost thou not know the fate of soldiers? They are but Ambition's tools, to cut away to her unlawful

ends ; and when they're worn, hacked and hewn, with constant service, thrown aside to rust in peace and rot in hospitals."

WAR SUSPENDS THE RULE OF MORAL OBLIGATION.

"War suspends the rule of moral obligation ; and what is long suspended is in danger of being totally abrogated. Civil wars strike deepest of all into the manners of the people. They vitiate their politics ; they corrupt their morals ; they pervert even the natural taste and relish of equity and justice. By teaching us to consider our fellow-creatures in a false light, the whole body of the nation becomes less dear to us. The very names of affection and kindred, which were the bonds of charity whilst we agreed, become new incentives to hatred and rage, when the communion of our country is dissolved."

PEACE—ITS ENEMIES.

"Five great enemies of peace inhabit with us—viz : Avarice, Ambition, Envy, Anger, and Pride ; and if these enemies were to be banished we should infallibly enjoy perpetual peace."

HIGHER LAW.

The higher-law men of both sections, however honest they may be, are responsible for the war ; and both considered war essential to the attainment of their ends : the one to establish the higher law of State Sovereignty—the other, the higher law of Congressional domination over the Constitution and the rights of the States.

PEACE.

We need peace—absolute, enduring peace. We have had enough of war, and have paid dearly for our experience. Can we not now have less of party agitations, and more attention to peaceful pursuits ? Can not partisans and politicians stay their incendiary

appeals to the passions and prejudices of the people ? Or, if not, can not the people themselves cease to be influenced by them ?

CAN DWELL AMONGST US IN SAFETY.

The negro is now free and in possession of the elective franchise ; and all are willing to let him remain so. The Southern Confederacy has now no existence ; its army has long since been disbanded ; its leaders have received pardon ; Union men are not mobbed ; whilst Northern men can come and dwell amongst us in safety.

“TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND MUST PREVAIL.”

A people accustomed to free thought, and free speech, a free press, and civil liberty, cannot long be swayed by error.

THE UNDERLYING PRINCIPLE.

We should never lose sight of the great underlying principle and design of good government—that of preventing men from injuring one another.

THE RECOIL.

The measures enacted, requiring great and radical changes in the form of Government, and the endorsement of the views of the higher law party North, is THE RECOIL upon us of our experiment to dissolve the Union.

A pendulum, when thrown to one side from its natural perpendicular, will return and vibrate to the extreme on the other side ; so, in all violent upheavals of popular government, extremes have their opposites ; and the vibrations will continue so long as sectional or partisan animosity is permitted to give the impulse.

If we can profit by our experience, and become wiser and more prudent, the extremes will subside, and the *Government as it was will re-appear*. THIS IS THE ONLY REMEDY.

COMMON SENSE.

Common sense, in managing the necessary political affairs of a people, is as essential to the public good as common sense in the successful workings of our various industrial and business pursuits.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES INDICATE A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

OUR WAR

Had a beginning, and it has had an end. The smoke of battle has passed away ; the clash of arms is heard no more ; whilst the solemn spectacle of desolation has restored us to reason. And I now imagine a beautiful picture emerging from the tears and sorrows of the past. A once great people, chastened by adversity, and the bitter fruits of civil strife, are seeking, with mutual explanations and forgiveness, to renew the bonds of friendship, and to make the once loved country again the idol of our hearts, our hopes, and our prayers.

AVOID PROVOCATION.

Let no UNNECESSARY PROVOCATION drop from the pen, or escape the lips ; and let this be the rule of intercourse with our fellow-man. Let this govern, especially our politics and our religion, and we can then promise for the future the realization of a brighter hope than ever fell to the lot of man.

THE ERA OF GOOD FEELING IS COMING.

Extract of a letter from Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Augusta, Ga., to Wm. Goodnow, Esq., of Atlanta :

“A better understanding between the people of the North and South is securing fraternity. In that restoration wiser counsels will everywhere prevail. Political virtue will have an early resurrection, and the threatening financial clouds will break in prospering

showers. The thinking men of the whole country will join you in your congratulations on the speedy cessation of all war-feelings. If we ought not to fight with the sword like men, let us not quarrel like children. It is neither polite, nor patriotic, nor manly to make now a war of words and measures in personal and political enmity. Spitefulness becomes neither of the great sections of this land, and the cost of such a war to the country is the decay of the prosperity, the loss of its patriotism, and the death of its manhood.

“I beg leave to thank you for the letter which you have kindly written, and, joining you in its patriotic sentiments, express the hope that there may be such an interchange of sentiments and personal visits by the Northern and Southern people during this year, as to prepare all for the centennial celebration of the great ideas and great deeds of our revolutionary forefathers.

“I am most sincerely your friend,

“CLEMENT A. EVANS.”

Extract of Gen. Clement A. Evans' speech on the occasion of laying the corner stone of the Confederate Monument, at Augusta, Ga., 1875 :

“Let us do nothing to keep alive the passions of war. To study its lessons is prudence, to profit by its teachings is wisdom, but to stir up the old animosities is madness.

“The voice of this monument will not be for war, but for peace.

“It will say to us, the Confederacy has expired. Its great life went out on the purple tide of blood that flowed from the hearts of its sons. We have buried it ; we do not intend to exhume its remains.

“We were utterly defeated, and we dismiss our re-

sentments. Sadly we furled the dear, dear old banner of the cross and stars, which we followed through many a storm of shot and shell; but we take with the true hand of Southern honor the staff that holds the flag of the stars and stripes.

“I respond with truest feeling to-day to the fraternal words of Gen. Bartlett, spoken at the centennial celebration of the first battle of the old revolution.”

THE HON. B. H. HILL,

On a recent occasion, in the Representative Hall, Atlanta, Ga., made the best speech of his life. It embraced a patriotic and noble expression of an earnest desire to make the union perpetual, under the guarantees of the Constitution.

LESSONS FOR THE TIMES.

The reader should keep in view the great truth, that no prosperity can be permanent except on the basis of peace, and exemption from turmoil and danger.

We should bear in mind, too, that all great and sudden changes—all tidal waves of pride, and hate, and war—fall upon the masses like the hot breath of a consuming fire, enabling a few to absorb all of wealth and power; and that all extremes, from whatever cause, serve the ends of the crafty and venal, and tempt men away from habits of industry, moderation, and probity.

Peace—enduring peace—fostered and maintained by a government which refrains from robbery, but

which otherwise expends all its energies in securing to the hand of industry the bread it has earned, is the only solid ground on which to base hopes for the future prosperity of state or country.

The record of the past is history in a circle: Peace makes plenty, and plenty begets pride; and pride, becoming ambitious and quarrelsome, begets war. War begets poverty, and poverty begets peace.

This is history in a circle. It is history repeating itself; and, until man learns the art of enduring peace, this circle will never be broken.

The intervals of peace, however, seem to be lengthening, and wars of shorter duration; which is evidence that man is profiting by the experience of the past, and that the sad circle of history may yet give way to an ascending scale of enlightened and enduring peace.

Prior to the late great trouble,
Every thing seemed moving well—
Every plough and hoe made money,
And our pride began to swell.

We had, years and years, been peaceful,
And our peace had made us rich—
Made us proud, ambitious, quarrelsome;
Then came dying in the ditch—

Dying, dying, fighting, dying,
In the valley, on the plain—
Homes deserted—children starving—
Fathers fallen—brothers slain.

And when thus the ranks were thinning,
Homes in ruins, fields laid waste,
Men were busy seizing, robbing—
Slacking not their greed or haste.

Eager in the darkest hours—
Safe removed from plain or ditch—
Speculating, robbing, thieving,
Growing, growing, growing rich.

Feeding, fattening, on the plunder
Which the war placed in their way,
Were the greedy sharks and vampires,
Watching—seeking for their prey.

Thus it was in proud old England,
In her wars that long prevailed ;
Chiefs grew rich by war and plunder,
And then had their wealth entailed.

When a few are selfish—greedy,
Craving, grasping, seizing all ;
Then it is a question only,
When the country reaps the fall.

It may flourish for a season,
And it may proud cities boast ;
Yet injustice past enduring,
Wastes her strength, and all is lost.

Sad and dreary, lone Palmyra,
On whose greatness ruin falls,
Has her history plainly written
On her silent, crumbling walls—

In the desert which surrounds her—
In the waste of dreary plains—
In the lifeless, voiceless silence,
Which o'er ruin's vastness reigns.

There, where mournful silence lingers,
Festive shouts of joy arose ;
And where lie her prostrate pillars,
Once sprang forth the fragrant rose.

There once flourished countless blessings—
Commerce, power, grandeur, wealth ;
And those walls which now so desert,
Once re-echoed life and health.

She had riches of all nations—
Gold of Ophir, tin of Thule—
Kashmire's tissues, Tyre's purple,
Lydia's fabrics, rich and full—

Amber of the Baltic regions—
Sweet perfumes and 'Rabia's pearls—
Useful things, and things of beauty,
Like a paradise of worlds.

Happy mortals mixing, mingling,
Soul with soul, and breath with breath,
Long returned to dust and ashes
In the solitude of death !

What has caused this desolation.
Once so great, and now so low,
May be pondered o'er with profit—
May forewarn us of our woe.

May enlighten us of causes—
May enable us to scan
What obscures a brighter pathway
To a higher state of man.

Land of Syria—now so wasted,
Numbered cities by the score ;
And with village, town, and hamlet,
Hills and dales were dotted o'er.

Everywhere were soil and tillage,
Everywhere abundance flowed ;
Everywhere a bounteous heaven
Blessings rich and full bestowed.

Blessings equal in their bearings,
Laws impartial, judgments just ;
Shielding all alike from rapine—
All alike from greed and lust.

Then the poor had full protection,
Men of rapine were restrained ;
Then was labor full requited,
And rich blessings were retained.

Justice then, esteemed and practiced,
Equal rights and equal share
Of the kindly gifts of nature,
In profusion showered there.

But when peace of years made plenty,
And was filled all heart's desire,
Then came schisms and disorder,
Like a great consuming fire.

In the midst of glare and glamour,
In the grandeur of the throne,
Princes, lost to sense of justice,
Claimed all riches as their own.

Appetites, all pampered, craving,
Grew unbridled in demand,
'Till industry, unprotected,
Ceased to cultivate the land.

Thus was blasted fertile regions,
Thus were cities overthrown ;
Thus Palmyra, of the desert,
Sank to ruin, sad and lone.

Thus we see the fate of peoples,
Where injustice long prevails ;
Thus we see the desolations,
Which the pride of wealth entails.

Thus we learn from crumbling cities
—Fragments scattered o'er the plain,
What it is ambition costs us—
What the price of greed for gain.

Thus a lesson for the future
May we clearly, strongly draw,
That a country's good in common
Finds its strength in equal law.

THE PROBLEM OF PEACE AND GOOD GOVERNMENT CONSIDERED.

The problem of good government, coupled with enduring peace, has not yet been very satisfactorily solved.

We certainly have been blessed to satiety with political expounders, and especially those engaged at cross roads, or in groceries, in elucidating great political ideas, or infusing patriotic impulses through the means of artificial incentives.

The efficacy of free thought, free speech, and free suffrage has here, in this country, been largely experimented upon, and the results are known; while the contests abroad between royal bloods for the crown, or for extent of dominion, have left no line of argument which commends imperialism or monarchy to our sanction.

The people of the American colonies in 1776 abandoned monarchy as arbitrary, oppressive, and unjust; and as bloody, violent, and rapacious.

Since the commencement of our experiment of free government, we have been favored, through the freedom of speech and of the press, with every variety and shade of opinions and views on the all-absorbing topic of the *public good*.

Political philosophers and expounders, finding themselves untrammelled, were to be seen in every public hall, and on every stump, and in every bar-room throughout the land, expatiating on the great principles and measures of government, the wisdom of our fathers, and glories they achieved. Or, when

stepping down a little from their spread-eagle declamations, we find them on the eve of elections in committee rooms, preparing their philosophical programmes for illustrating to the people the inestimable privilege of the glorious gift of suffrage.

It was on Saturday, 1858, the philosophers met in Atlanta. (I mean philosophers, for, if politicians are not *wise and good* men, they ought to be.) An election for Governor, or something else, was to come off on the following Monday. I found old experienced savans guiding and directing the deliberations, and perfecting programmes for illustrating and demonstrating to the honest yeomanry and fellow-citizens, the immense advantage to them of voting wisely, *often*, and well.

It was gravely resolved that patriotic saloon keepers, within the saving sphere of our influence, should be furnished with a sum of genuine old-fashioned cash, with instructions to buy the purest and most patriotic Bourbon or Robertson County whisky, to be fourth proof and sparkling, in remembrance of "the star spangled banner," and to treat freely, without money and without price, all who could be made willing to have their minds thus enlightened and rendered comfortable.

Rooms with locks and keys were secured, for the purpose of housing and guarding our fellow-citizens against the bad whisky and dangerous influence of the Whig party, similarly engaged, (then quartered and housed near by), and keeping them thus penned and secured until Monday morning, when they could march up under guard to the polls like freemen, and cast their suffrages for the men of their choice.

It was thus mainly that our great, and even smaller political philosophers, secured position and place satisfactory to their noble aspirations. And it is certainly

a matter of wonder that constitutional liberty, under the tension of such resplendent manipulations, had not long since snapped asunder and left us amazed and bewildered at its dying effulgence.

GREAT TRUTHS

From great men in 1840, flowing from lips moist with hard cider, sipped from the wide mouths of capacious gourds, and rendered more potent by the highly intellectual entertainment of coonskin and log cabin exhibitions, have not failed to act a conspicuous part in shaping the destinies of our country ; whilst the “two dollars a day and good roast beef,” then promised, had no small share in arousing that love of country and good government, which could furnish in profusion such choice blessings.

It is very evident if such patriotic provisions could be offered now, that any amount of votes might be secured.

Seriously, it is possible we may yet be able to find a solution of the problem of peaceful, good government in this promise of “*two dollars a day and good roast beef.*”

☞ A government has nothing to fear from a people who have employment and good wages, and who, free to follow their own pursuits of industry and improvement, are not robbed of the bread they have earned. And a people, however ignorant, have nothing to fear, when men of intelligence and purity are at the helm.

A generation has grown up, within the past fifteen years, under circumstances very unfavorable to a proper conception of the government as it was ; whilst old men, who lived to experience a large share of its blessings, and to love and to venerate its founders, are few in number, and will soon all pass away.

It is, perhaps, well for us of whitened locks and declining years that our exit is not far distant ; as our

experience, our hopes and our loves find, perhaps, little in unison with them in the hearts, minds and affections of those whose education commenced in the midst of turmoil and strife, and whose first impressions were those of hatred to the government which had received from us the highest measure of patriotic devotion.

As a general rule, all men have to learn their most valuable lessons from their own experience ; and when their surroundings are unfavorable to a proper appreciation of good government, they will generally drift into the sanction of men and measures, for the support of tyranny, or the overthrow of civil liberty.

Imperialists, in all ages, are ever on the watch to overthrow democratic forms of government ; and nothing has afforded them a more hopeful prospect of success than the disrepute brought upon free government, by the late war and its results.

It should not be forgotten, however, that the history of imperialism and monarchies is a record of rapacity, turmoil and blood ; and of drudgery, toil and want.

England, so often spoken of as a model government—even England, since the conquest of William of Normandy, has afflicted her people with eight bloody civil commotions, besides nineteen rebellions of hatred and rage ; whilst the earth has been cursed, through arbitrary power, with a never-ending panorama of invasions, violence and oppressions.

“The greatest danger to our country is a want of fidelity to truth ; a want of effort for its propagation ; a want of confidence in its power to bless.”

If leading men, everywhere, would take as much pains to enlighten and moralize the people, as some of them do to deprave, deceive and mislead them, in order to catch their votes, there would then be no more wars, no tented fields, no jargon of drums, nor clash

of arms, no mangling of limbs, and no groans of the dying. There would be no people impoverished, and no turmoil, or strife, or poverty to mar the enjoyment of domestic tranquillity.

The tyrannies and oppressions of the old world presented to view the absorption of all wealth and all power in the hands of the few. The millions had for ages been ground to the dust, and poverty, transmitted from father to son, became their inheritance.

Despotisms and monarchies had marked every foot of the eastern hemisphere with palaces and prisons, with pomp and poverty, arrogance and servility ; and this was the deplorable condition of mankind when the discovery of America opened up an asylum for the oppressed.

The persecuted and down-trodden sought here a resting place from the throes and convulsions of principalities and kingdoms. But soon the cupidity of rulers stretched forth a grasping hand to coerce the infant colonies into tributary streams to fill and replenish their coffers.

A foreign king attempted to legislate for the new world in all things. The same ruthless hand which had pillaged and desolated the people of the old world, was eager to grasp and hold power over the new. And every petition for redress of grievances, and every appeal for justice and right, was met by renewed insult and aggression, until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and resistance became a necessity. Then commenced the war for independence ; a war which ended with the triumph of American arms ; a war which was conducted on the part of America by men who, during and after the conflict, sought to establish and render perpetual, on this continent, the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

After long and serious deliberations, and after full

and mature discussions as to the best form of government, the Constitution of the United States was adopted, with ample provisions for its amendment. It was a model Constitution, embracing every essential as an organic law, to the safety and welfare of the nation, and forbidding to the several States no right or power essential to the efficient control of domestic and local affairs, but reserving to them all powers not delegated.

The establishment of a government so wise and beneficent, was the object for which good men periled their lives ; and the maintenance of this legacy and the diffusion of its blessings amongst the people, has been the wish of every true lover of his country since the struggle of '76 to the present hour.

For a period of seventy years or more, the peace was maintained, and the people multiplied and prospered. The protection of good government, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the lakes of Canada to the Gulf, gave an impetus to industry and improvement which has been everywhere visible over this broad land. Magnificent cities sprang into existence as if by the hand of magic, and fruitful fields furnished in profusion all that was essential to the wants of man.

Protected in the enjoyment of the products of our labor, we had a heart to work, and an incentive to persevere in laudable pursuits of industry and improvement ; and the consequence was, we prospered as no people on earth ever prospered. The means of subsistence were comfortably within the reach of all, and even the negro slave knew not what it was to want the necessaries of life.

The chief object of the founders of our government was to secure and promote the largest amount of human happiness, at the least possible expense, consistent with the object in view. They were not unmindful

of the natural inequalities of man, whilst the separate and distinct races—the black and the white—and their relations as servant and master, occupied a large share of their deliberations. A knowledge of the natural inequalities of man had much to do in regulating the abridgment of the elective franchise.

The experiment of a government founded upon the authority of males of adult age, guaranteeing to them political equality, and to all, male and female, black and white, equal protection to life and its essential enjoyments, was fairly inaugurated. All minors were subject to parental authority or guardianship, and slaves or servants were subject to masters—all under the restraining influence of just laws for protection against maltreatment or cruelty.

The unexampled prosperity and happiness of the American people for near three quarters of a century, was evidence of the wisdom and justice which obtained in establishing for us constitutional liberty. But, unfortunately for the cause of good government, we had at the beginning, in our midst, and infused throughout the living masses which peopled the new world, a political malady, which has, I fear, succeeded in sapping the foundation of our liberties—a malady which no wisdom has been able to subdue, and for which no foresight has yet found a remedy.

Washington's farewell address gave us warning, but we heeded it not.

Washington warned us that men love office and power better than they love their country.

This was the fatal disease ; inordinate ambition and thirst for place and power, manifesting itself through an interminable scramble ; men out of power seeking to possess, and in power seeking to hold.

And, unfortunately for the human family, this malady is as ancient as government itself, existing at all

times, and in all ages, engendering the turmoil and conflicts which have desolated the earth.

The history of our government's brief existence, beginning with the administration of Washington, develops the intensity of our partisan scrambles and their final culmination in disaster.

The elevation of Washington to the Presidency was the signal for ambitious men to commence an organized opposition to his administration, and he was not permitted to serve out his first term without attempts to impeach him for high crimes and misdemeanors.

Democratic societies were then formed to overawe the regularly constituted authorities, and their madness culminated in resistance to the whisky tax in Pennsylvania during the second Presidential term, and to suppress which Washington ordered out fifteen thousand men.

The elder Adams was much annoyed by the unnecessary and unjustifiable attacks upon his administration. The alien and sedition laws, and the eight per cent loan were manipulated by the malcontents into capital sufficiently formidable to oust him from power at the expiration of his one term. Jefferson, filling the presidential chair, the Federalists, then ousted from place, becoming in their turn factious and turbulent, gave him but little rest. But his was a bed of roses, compared with the eight years of Madison's presidency. It was during his administration the New England Puritans, recently so horror-stricken at the South for seceding, held a convention at Hartford, for the purpose of dissolving the Union. They were preparing to secede, and were furnishing aid to the British army during the war of 1812. And had it not been for the success of our little navy, and the defeat of Pakenham at New Orleans, five of the New England States would have committed rebellion full and

complete. It was during this period of political insanity, Madison was threatened with a halter, and with banishment to the Isle of Elba.

The intolerable violence and factious insubordination which disturbed his administration, failing to disrupt the government, and the people prospering under a faithful obedience to the requirements of the Constitution, the turbulent politicians shrank back for awhile from public gaze, allowing President Monroe an administration of peace ; which was not disturbed until the contest for the Presidency between the younger Adams and Andrew Jackson awakened anew the scramble for place and power.

John Quincy Adams was elected, and served four years, during which time the dominant malcontents, with all their senseless cry of "bargain and intrigue," failed to disturb the peaceful and harmonious working of the government under the Constitution ; and the people, protected in their various pursuits during his administration, were still prosperous and contented.

Jackson succeeded and served two terms. He also had a trying and stormy time.

The Whigs, then the outs, seemed sure the country would be ruined by his administration ; and he was spoken of as a tyrant at the helm of affairs, from whose administration we might expect inextricable and irretrievable ruin. He, too, was threatened with violence and banishment by leaders of the interminable scramble, as the only means of saving the country. With the Constitution for his guide, like those who had preceded him, he served eight years, and the country was not ruined. The people were prosperous in spite of the turbulence of politicians.

Martin Van Buren succeeded Jackson—served four years—no ruin yet, notwithstanding the immense cry of office scramblers in 1840 to the contrary.

Harrison was elected, but dying soon thereafter, John Tyler (cursed and denounced as a traitor) served out the remainder of the term—the country still prospering.

The scramble for office, though, was now more intense than ever; the number of aspirants by this time having been greatly augmented by reason of the educated and professional classes becoming politicians.

But to the honor of all our Presidents, from Washington's first term even down to 1860, be it said, that no one of them—neither Federalist, National Republican, Whig nor Democrat—ever intentionally attempted a violation of the Constitution. Tyler dropped the partisan, and each succeeding President, like the preceding, obeyed the Constitution, and, to the extent of their power, faithfully executed the laws.

Even Abraham Lincoln, of higher law proclivities, was but little at fault in his administration, and was true to the Constitution until the furor and madness of revolution compelled him to resort to expedients and measures which he himself considered of doubtful constitutionality.

It was reserved for his administration to feel the culmination of partisan scramble for place and power; for by this time the number of aspirants was legion! The whole surface of the earth was covered with them, frothing, foaming, spouting, treating, drinking—from Mars Hill to Cape Sable, all along the Atlantic coast, extending far into the interior; and from the Russian possessions along the Pacific, all the way down to the southern boundary of California.

The conflicting interests and heated passions of over thirty millions of people, had hatched an immense brood of place hunters and stump orators, who, like the plagues of Egypt, covered the goodly land, sapping and undermining the virtue and integrity of the

masses, and often gulling, deceiving, or cheating them into the support of mere partisan dogmas of no practical importance, except as vehicles upon which to ride into power.

Instead of teaching the people to understand and to love the government under which they had prospered, and to respect and obey its laws, the malcontents of the North proclaimed a "higher-law," and taught the people there to hate the Union, under the Constitution; whilst in the more Southern latitudes, another, but a different class, goaded on by higher-law threatenings, personal liberty bills, and John Brown raids, were, not without apparant cause, in favor of separation; and they, too, engaged in teaching the masses to hate the Union.

But so long as the people adhered to the Union as it was, and disregarded the teachings of heated brains, or crazy fanatics, or noisy declaimers, everything went well with them. Their commerce was unrestricted, their travel was undisturbed, and their persons had the protection of republican forms of government guaranteed, not only by the Constitution of the United States, but by the reserved right of the people of every State, to legislate for themselves in all things, not in conflict with the delegated powers.

Thus happily situated, they had erected comfortable dwellings; their farms were in good condition; their cattle were grazing on rich pastures; their children cared for, and as happy as the birds of spring, which awaken us with their morning melodies; whilst our young people, influenced by the surroundings of peace and plenty, had every encouragement to contract the marriage relations, and to set up for themselves, with a reasonable assurance of a continuation of the blessings of good government.

But O! what a change, infinitely for the worse! A

broad belt of desolation, a short time since, presented to view, fields laid waste, dwellings destroyed, cities in ashes, wealth exhausted, and hearth-stones desolate !

A war had swept over us ! Our young men and middle aged had been called away, and their bones were bleaching on a thousand battle-fields ! Fathers and sons, kindred and friends—citizens of a common country—had met in conflict, and sunk down bleeding and perishing together ! Four years of fratricidal war had swept over us, and when its violence had ceased, the poor war-worn survivors of the conflict returned to find their estates wasted, their dwellings in ruins, and their children beggars !

Military rule had usurped dominion over us, more fatal than pestilence, more terrible than volcanic fires, and more blighting than the scorching blasts of a deadly sirocco.

The great public mind can be pleasantly and safely excited by laudable emulation in our various occupations and pursuits ; but when storms of party malevolence, of pride, avarice and ambition, break upon it, then anarchy and violence—the laying waste of fruitful fields, the sacking and burning of cities, the wanton destruction of human life and liberty ensue—the venal and corrupt themselves falling a prey to their own rapacity. Then, like the wreck of stranded vessels seen upon the beach when storms subside, the charred remains of a ruined people and country, in the solitude of desolation, presents a sad and mournful lesson to the survivors !

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

It has been a pleasure for us (old men) to study the geography of our country that we might comprehend its extent, the grandeur of its mountains, the fertility of its valleys, the majesty of its rivers, the extent of

its forests, its ocean and lake bound coasts, its northern climes, and its sunny plains.

We have studied this magnificent country, and comprehended its vast extent, stretching from the Atlantic, across the Rocky Mountains, four thousand miles to the Pacific; thence south, nearly two thousand miles, with the meanderings of the coast to the southern extremity of California; thence eastward, embracing Texas and the Gulf and Atlantic States, thousands of miles to the beginning; presenting a magnificent interior, enlivened with rivulets and cascades, and beautified by broad and majestic rivers, and their innumerable tributary streams. These, and a thousand other charms, made us feel that this was indeed an asylum for the oppressed; that it was a home fit for freemen, where the iron rule of despotism could never stifle the voice of liberty, nor rivet the chains of oppression.

In traveling over this great country of ours, we found good people everywhere, and, that all sections had their bad ones; and we were proud to think we had a grand system of government, State and National, to shield the good from oppression, by restraining the bad. We were glad to feel that, as a people, we had good Constitutions and good laws, and that we could gaze upon a flag whose ample folds protected us, not only at home, but in foreign lands, and on ocean's wide expanse.

We claimed but one country, and that extended from ocean to ocean, and from the beautiful lakes of the North even down to the Gulf. This vast country was ours. We loved its mountains; we loved its fertile plains; we loved its forests wild; its rivers, too, we loved, and every stream that flows in murmurs to the sea; and, though of vast extent, we loved it all: it was our country: it was our home.

It is yet our country, sad as its memories are; and,

though dotted all over with mementoes of civil strife, we cling to it as the world's last hope for civil liberty, and feel that lessons of wisdom may yet direct our steps to a higher appreciation of the essentials to good government. We feel that, with a country so vast, a soil so rich, and a climate for all, each could have a place and employment suited to his reasonable wants; and that all may yet lift their eyes from amidst scramble and turmoil to behold the dawn of a brighter day.

We feel that so magnificent a country, inhabited as it is by men of science and purity, by men of discernment and integrity, *will not be let go to waste and ruin* through the instrumentality of political intrigue, or the blighting evils of unwise legislation; and that what is wrong in practice will be abandoned; that legislation injurious will be repealed, and Constitutions be perfected, to the end that the strong shall not oppress the weak, nor the intelligent domineer over the ignorant; and that public officials and legislators may find it not only *pleasant* but imperative *to be truthful and just*. But to secure the realization of these hopes, and the hopes which inspired the founders of our government, we must get our consent to learn wisdom from the past, and be guided by it in future.

The lessons of experience are clear and unmistakable. A preponderance of virtue and intelligence at the close of the war in '76, matured and put in operation a republican form of government—State and National—which worked well for a time, and had the confidence and love of the people. But, failing to satisfy the cravings of political aspirants, or to gratify the wants of the rapidly increasing hordes of place-hunters, it was subject to the throes of party dissensions, and factious insubordination, which, after every election of prominence, became more and more inten-

sified, through disappointment and hope deferred, until partisan hate triumphed over love of country, and the peaceful relations of the people of the several States, yielding to the frenzy of fanaticism and revolution, was broken up and destroyed.

The situation is now anything but satisfactory to intelligent statesmen.

Prior to 1860, the Constitution and laws of the United States were not inimical to the South. Under the United States laws, fugitives were returned, and John Brown raids discouraged. The laws of Virginia proved ample to put down the John Brown insurrection, and hence, we seem to have had no justifiable pretext for separation, except as a supposed precautionary measure against the higher-law threatenings of leading men North.

Now we have sources of irritation growing out of the consequences or results of the war, which will require all the intelligence and moderation, not only of leading men, but of all the people, to prevent again culminating in bloodshed, and the probable overthrow and total loss of civil liberty.

The white people of 1860, with all their advantages of education, did not exercise sufficient intelligence and moderation to avoid a disastrous conflict of arms.

The abolition mania had, like a contagious disease, spread over the North, furnishing fuel to secession proclivities, which spread over the South, until the clash of steel and the smoke of battle told the sad tale of civil war.

Now, with these lessons before us, what can we expect as the result, since the number of uneducated and unthinking voters has been largely increased?

If the white people, with education, were unable to shield themselves from strife and war, how can we expect enduring peace when the germs of strife are intensified by inviting the negro into the demoralization

of party scrambles? And how can we secure the services of honest, intelligent and practical men to make and execute our laws, or to receive and disburse our revenues, when the venal and corrupt can bribe, seduce or deceive ignorant or dishonest voters into their support?

There is nothing clearer than when ignorance holds the balance of voting strength, the chances for corrupt men to get into power are largely multiplied.

“When the wicked rule the nation mourneth ;

When the ignorant vote, “thieves break through and steal.”

I have attempted to give a truthful, though brief summary of obstacles, which observant and reasoning minds, I think, will find in the way, in their endeavors to secure good government and enduring peace.

But, to be thus admonished is the only way to induce that earnestness of consideration, so essential to a timely reversal of the evil tide.

TO MEN OF COLOR.

It is a matter even for the serious consideration of the intelligent and educated men of color themselves, now that they have been enfranchised, whether or not they will look on without rebuke, and see their own race and color used as mere voting machines by political vampires, who are sucking the life-blood of the million, or, by a timely warning, so direct their voting strength as to secure the service of honest and capable men to fill our public places. This is now their imperative duty, as it is surely patent to them that extremists, unchecked by enlightened suffrage, will drive the country to perdition.

Men of the Democratic party, now out of power, should also take warning. Experience and observation would say to them, make haste slowly ; be sober in thought, and prudent in expression ; and should

high positions to serve your country present themselves for your acceptance, remember not to return "evil for evil," but let the duties you owe your constituents and your country be performed with WISDOM, JUSTICE, AND MODERATION.

When corruption sits in high places, the masses, by contact, become tainted. The venality of the Judge gives license to perjury, plunder and theft; while successful turpitude and malfeasance in office, points with an unerring finger to the debasement of the masses and the insecurity of life, liberty and property.

When a people become too ignorant or too corrupt to appreciate mutual protection and security under equal and just laws, then the power wielded by those in position to protect themselves, soon dominates over the masses, and, of necessity, in the law of forces, commands obedience and submission.

It is thus that despotism finds foot-hold. And so long as the masses remain incapable of governing themselves, they will be governed as *subjects* or *serfs* by the more intelligent few.

To the people, whose ancestors founded the government *as it was*, I imagine I hear addressed the whisperings of

A VOICE FROM THE TOMBS,
saying: Ye have not exercised sufficient intelligence to avoid the greatest of calamities; ye have suffered your reason and judgment to lie dormant, whilst your passions and prejudices have been kept alive by the ire and intolerance of bigots, the pseudo philanthropy and cant of hypocrites, the incessant appeals of fanatics, in support of impractical schemes, and the yet more powerful appeals of the gifted and intelligent demagogue, who, through sophistry and declamation, turns all isms and all dogmas to his own account,

that he may profit withall. Ye have listened in simplicity of heart to harangues addressed to your passions, whose every utterance was a cheat, and every expression of love and regard for your welfare a sham ; and thus, tamely surrendering your own right of judgment, ye have been led into a labyrinth of errors and antagonism, until your inheritance of good government has nearly passed out of view. Ye have learned from sad experience that no government, however free, or wisely framed, can long endure without *purity* and *wisdom* at the helm, supported and kept in place by an honest, patriotic and intelligent people.

THE IMPERIALIST.

I have before me, at this writing, a copy of the Imperialist, published in New York, soon after President Grant was inaugurated, the first term. There were twenty numbers in all issued, bearing at the head, a CROWN in the middle. On the left of which, the words : "THE EMPIRE IS PEACE" ! On the right in the language of Gen. Grant : "LET US HAVE PEACE." Gen. Grant was, no doubt, looked to as the man in position, and willing, to accept the crown.

It was edited with the most consummate ability ; but President Grant, to his credit, failing to respond, the Imperialist was ordered by the T. C. I. O.—(a secret order of imperial bloods) to be discontinued until other opportunities, more favorable to success, were presented.

IMPERIALISM.

I saw in a vision, men passing along,
And people bewildered, upholding a wrong.
The miters and maces were seen in the van,
With ensigns of power, profusely on hand ;
And chieftains were present, of fame and renown—
Bloods, royal and noble, awaiting a crown.
With longing for power, and thirst for command,
A would-be great monarch soon mounted a stand,
With moustache, imperial, and dress alamode—
With garters and tinsel, and gold scabbard sword—
He mounted a stand, and in tones clear and loud,
Addressed a bedazzled and king-stricken crowd :

“ My people : Believe me—my motives are pure—
Your peace and your welfare are never secure
When you are entrusted with ballot and voice ;
Better leave it to us—we can make the best choice.
We, having intelligence—character, too,
Are much better fitted to govern than you ;
Don't you see that free governments never endure ?
That nought is so safe as a monarchy pure ?

“ See *England*—dear mother—how bright is her page !
How stable her power ! enduring as age !
Then cast off free suffrage, the bane of the hour—
Invest us, your chieftains, with untrammelled power ;
With hope for the future—forgetting the past,
We'll shield you and save you from war's deadly blast.”

A shout from the people arose on the air :
Some wanting a king who could shield them from war ;
Whose magical power could bid wars to cease,
And give them, like England, a kingdom of peace.

On seeing the people thus charmed with the scheme,
For yielding ambition its full measured dream ;
On seeing that kingcraft was carrying the day,
A *stranger* announced he had something to say.

“ My friends,” exclaimed he. “ Better look what you do,
I know something more about kingdoms than you ;
This yearning for monarchy tokens no good,
For monarchies ever are crimsoned with blood.

“ Your liberty, precious, should never be sold—
Yield not to the glitter of tinsel or gold.
Your freedom a failure ! These words may be true.
Better kindle the fires of freedom anew.

Yield not to a monarch your suffrages free !
Trust not to allurements, though bright they may be !
With words of endearment, and infinite pains,
A tyrant will tempt you to forge your own chains.
When caught in his meshes, you'll tremble and cower ;
He'll tax you and rob you, when once in his power.
Your suffrage a failure ! Let not this be true !
Your would-be bloods royal are failures—not you.

“Your purpose is peaceful—your motives are right,
'Tis Imperial contests involve you in fight.
You trust to their guidance, and yield to their sway,
But, selfish and venal, they'll lead you astray.
Then softly they'll tell you that liberty's wrong ;
Better give up your safety to monarchy strong ;
Republican governments never endure ;
The strongest and safest are monarchies pure.
Thus softly beguiling you, ere you're aware,
You'll find yourself tangled in monarchy's snare.

“Yield not to the tempter, who seeks to betray !
Better cling to your freedom and power to sway
Your public officials, *each day and each hour*,
That you may, if need be, remove them from power.

“If you have, by voting, put bad men in place,
By suffrage untrammelled your steps can retrace ;
If laws be oppressive, unequal, unjust,
Your votes can repeal them through men you can trust.
Thus ever combatting encroachments of wrong,
Protecting the weak and restraining the strong.

“Then why, let me ask you, this yearning for kings ?
You surely know not of the trouble it brings.
Your daughters in service, and sons all impressed ;
Your chieftains at war, and your voices suppressed.
The tenth they will take of your grain and your pork—
Take horses and servants and put them to work.
Till sore with the trial of despotic rule,
You'll cry : What poor fools we have been, O, what fools !”
But here, as this speech was drawn near to a close,
Imperial voices in murmurs arose :

“The people in voting, may sometimes vote right,
But voting unwisely involves them in fight ;
Old England, the model—such government strong—
Would shield them from wars of oppression and wrong.”

The stranger resuming, he tersely replied :
“These lurings are mischief ; then cast them aside.

Old England a model! No wars, nor alarms!
No civil commotions, nor clashing of arms!
Let none thus deceive you with statements untrue;
Her record is bloody, and horrid to view.
Since William of Normandy, blood can be traced:
Eight civil commotions laid England's fields waste;
And nineteen rebellions of hatred and rage
Deep crimsoned her record and blotted her page.
Thus warned, let me urge you, beware of the *bloods*,
More dangerous, by far, than volcanoes or floods;
As subjects, they'll trample you under their feet,
And lift the dark veil from the horrible cheat."

Thus closing, he mingled again with the crowd,
Whilst cheers from the people were heard long and loud;
And soon were the ensigns Imperial torn down—
All scattered in fragments and trailed on the ground.

Defeated, retiring, and hiding from view,
Th' Imperialists vanished, their schemes to renew;
For trapping the people when less on their guard,
Coercing their sanction by might of the sword.

MORAL :

The masses of the people, everywhere, are mainly well disposed and confiding; and hence, the wrongs that come upon them are chargeable to those who lead them astray. The people are as easily lead right as wrong. The men who mislead are ever of the same class, out of which *kings* and *despots* are made.

[From the Atlanta Herald.]

JUNE 2, 1875.

A committee of citizens, headed by Mr. Garrett, Col. Lowry and Mr. J. N. Dunn, addressed Col. J. A. Stewart a note on yesterday, requesting him to prepare, and read a Centennial poem on the next 4th of July. Col. Stewart replies as follows:

ATLANTA, GA., May 31, 1875.

*Messrs. W. J. Garrett, Wm. M. Lowry, J. N. Dunn,
Henry W. Grady, and others :*

GENTLEMEN: Your note honoring me with a call for a Centennial Poem for the ensuing Fourth of July, has been received. I look to the Centennial of 1876, as a grand opportunity for the restoration of good will between the people of our common country; and for the inauguration of the Nation's new birth, on the basis of the Constitution; and hence am willing to contribute to the extent of my ability to the good work. I will take pleasure in preparing a poem, as requested, for the ensuing 4th.

Yours, very respectfully,

J. A. STEWART.

THE CENTENNIAL POEM,

AS READ BY ITS AUTHOR IN ATLANTA, JULY 4TH, 1875.

PRELUDE.

The poetry and music of this world have ever been in unison. No discord finds entrance to disturb their harmony. They were born of the same mother, and lived together through many a happy day. Nor have they been wanting in relief to the sadness of intervening hours.

O! may Poetry and Music infuse into the public mind and heart emotions of conciliation and love of country; and may they ever dwell in the human breast to shield against the evil passions of man!

The age now upon us, like ages of old,
Brings the sad dirge of liberty's faint sounding knell—
Has the same blight and ruin of wars to unfold,
And the same evil story of mankind to tell.

Yet, power for good, has at times had the sway,
And tyranny forced to submit to its might ;
A heroic struggle has oft won the day,
And founded great forums of justice and right.

And such was the contest, when patriots unfurled
The banner of justice, and waved it on high,
Proclaiming in Seventy-Six to the world,
This land should be free, or for freedom they'd die.

The times were propitious. Good men in the lead,
Conducted the struggle with hearts firm and pure ;
Supported by patriots, the time of great need
Was passed through in triumph, and victory made sure.

A Government then was ordained—setting forth
The right of the people to make their own laws ;
And brief years of triumph of freedom on earth
Gave hopes of success in the glorious cause.

The kings of the East looked out on the West,
Across the Atlantic where heroes had bled ;
A continent wide, and a people so blest,
Affected their hearts with emotions of dread.

A Government just, and with leaders so pure,
To guide and direct when the nation was young,
Attracted the gaze of the tyrants afar,
As songs met their ears of the triumphs we sung.

Yes, a nation of States ! O, the grandest on earth !
E Pluribus Unum—united, yet free,
Sprang forth in full vigor—uncradled at birth—
“ Divided as billows, yet one as the sea.”

The down-trodden millions, who felt the sad blight
Of tyranny's rule, and its burdens and pains,
Was charmed at the view of a prospect so bright,
To flee from oppression, its rivets and chains.

A voice speaking out from our broad eastern shore,
Proclaimed the glad tidings of comfort and cheer ;
A land for the homeless had opened the door,
Extending a welcome to homes with us here.

The exile and friendless here found an abode
In the bright sunny plains, or the shades of the dell,
Or the western slopes, where the evening sun glowed ;
Or down in the gorges, where cataracts fell—

Found homes on the margin of ocean or stream,
 And planted green meadows where bright waters are ;
 They felt the enchantment of life's purest dream
 Enhanced by exemption from turmoil and war.

But evil persisting—a people so great,
 With years of fruition, and prospects so bright,
 Gave way to the demon of partisan hate,
 And reaped from the discord affliction and blight.

Ye patriots and heroes ! awake ye no more ;
 Or if in the realms of a region more bright,
 Return not your gaze, for the cause, as of yore,
 Has been veiled in the arrogant forays of might.

List not to our sorrows, nor hear their refrain ;
 Look not from above on this war-stricken land ;
 Nor gaze on the sod o'er the dust of the slain,
 Who fell by the fratricide hand against hand.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Our mounds and our ditches sad memories unfold,
 And furnish the poet a subject or theme ;
 O ! let us tread softly the damp silent mold ;
 Awake not the soldier ! Disturb not his dream !

His place is now vacant, his life is all told—
 It is now the sad burden of poetic theme ;
 Then let us tread lightly the damp silent mould ;
 Awake not his slumbers ! Disturb not his dream !

The Blue and the Gray now sleep under the mould ;
 Each fought for a cause he believed to be just ;
 Each fell as a soldier, courageous and bold ;
 Awake not their slumber ! Disturb not their dust !

THE UNION AS IT WAS.

Let us view the grand union of States as it was ;
 Let us think of the times of rejoicing and peace ;
 Of those who gave birth to the glorious cause,
 With hopes that its blessings should never more cease.

Let us think of the commerce and freedom of States,
 Secured by the Union when times were all good ;
 Ere discord and war, the decree of the fates,
 Had crimsoned the soil with effusions of blood—

Ere fearful commotion and malice and spite,
Engendered the forays of partisan hate ;
And factions ambitious, and might against right,
Involved us in conflicts of State against State.

Let us enter no more into bloodshed and strife ;
Let us light up the noon-beams of hope's brightest ray ;
Let us seek to restore to our country new life,
Rejoicing again in its proud natal day.

THE CENTENNIAL GROUND.

The Delaware River receives from the east,
On its bright, rippling surface, the morning's first ray ;
Whilst the twilight of evening and glow of the west,
The Schuylkill reflects at the parting of day.

On the plain intervening, a city is thronged—
The " City of Love"—Philadelphia—the same
Which re-echoed the peals, and the cheerings prolonged,
When hearts were in unison, flame kindling flame.

When patriots had planted the Liberty Tree,
And clearly responded the sound of the bell,
The shouts then arose from the land of the free,
And the echoes returned like an anthem's grand swell.

THE CENTENNIAL CALL.

And now the same bell, from the weather-stained dome,
Is sounding aloud the Centennial call,
On statesmen now living, and spirits of yore,
To assemble again in the old natal hall.

I see, *as a dream*, the great day is at hand ;
And I see, in the distance, the gathering throng ;
I see coming up from this broad, sunny land,
Resolves for the right, and forgiveness for wrong.

I hear in the voices, returning to life,
Resolves as of yore, when for justice they plead,
And I see in the heroes who fell in the strife
A smile of approval for blood they had shed.

I see in the living great pledges renewed—
Constitutional law is again to have sway ;
And I see in the movements for peace here pursued,
A token that evil is passing away.

Great tears of regret for mistakes of the past,
 Here moisten the eye of the true and the brave ;
 And hands are extended, with grip firm and fast,
 With hearts re-resolving their country to save.

OLD LIBERTY HALL.

The hall is yet standing—Old Liberty Hall ;
 And winds the old stairway up, up, strong and well,
 Where men bent with years, as a tear they let fall,
 Climb a'oft to place hands on the old natal bell.

The chasm is closing, the day shadows forth,
 And I see in the distance the gathering throng,
 I see coming up from the North and the South,
 Resolves for the right, and forgiveness for wrong.

I see on the steeples and turrets above,
 Ten thousand bright banners in beauty unfurled ;
 Whilst upward—still upward in mansions of love,
 Are voices proclaiming peace ! peace ! to the world.

With heart-throbs responsive, the sons of the North
 Rise out of the hates of the great erring past ;
 Whilst the land of the South pours her chivalry forth,
 To be in at the christening, the Nation's new birth.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

I see, *as a dream*, in the distance beyond,
 The bright star of hope with its mild-beaming ray,
 Again shining forth to illumine the ground,
 Where the patriots rejoiced on the great natal day.

I see ! Oh, I see ! in the regions above,
 As the glow of the evening's sun passes from view,
 The star-spangled heavens, with tokens of love,
 To light up forgiveness and pledges renew.

I see on the hill-tops and mountains the glare
 Of the bonfires blazing as blazed they of yore ;
 And I hear in the echoes resounding afar,
 In graver responses, the cannon's deep roar.

From the bright, sunny South to the lakes of the North—
 From ocean to ocean—o'er mountain and dell,
 I hear the refrain of rejoicing pour forth,
 In response to the tones of the Old Natal Bell.

The babes at the bosoms receive the caress,
In the arms of their mothers, as hopes are renewed ;
Whilst tremulous hands of the grandsires press,
And the promise of blessings is freely bestowed.

The sorrowful scenes of the more recent past
Have saddened the heart with experience dear ;
Yet blessings spring forth where our sorrows were cast,
And moisten the eye with the patriot's tear.

THE CONSUMMATION.

My heart beats with hope ; the great day has shone forth ;
And I see in the distance the gathering throng ;
I see, coming up from the North and the South,
Resolves for the right and forgiveness for wrong.

I see, on the steeples and turrets above,
Ten thousand bright banners in beauty unfurled ;
Whilst voices come laden with accents of love,
And hand grasping hand—giving joy to the world.

Ye spirits departed ! arise and come forth !
Or, if in the realms of a region of light,
Return ye your gaze to the land of your birth,
For your cause is yet living, effulgent and bright.

The chasm has closed, and we hear the refrain
From the hearts of the people—united and free—
Proclaiming this country as *one* shall remain—
“Divided as billows, yet one as the sea.”

TO THE READER.

A few words of kindness and approval, coming from hearts that beat in unison with mine, would fall like gentle dews, to nourish and quicken the good seed which I am endeavoring to sow broadcast in this troubled land.

Address

J. A. STEWART,
P. O. Box 344, Atlanta, Ga.

THE CENTENNIAL:

AN

OLIVE BRANCH.

A WORK OF CONCILIATION.

BY J. A. STEWART.

The Blue and the Gray now sleep under the mold;
Each fought for a cause he believed to be just;
Each fell as a soldier, courageous and bold;
Awake not their slumber! Disturb not their dust!

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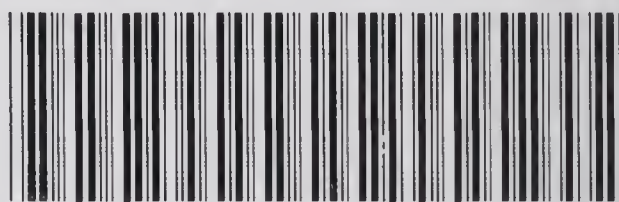


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